



THE
ORIENTAL PEREGRINATOR.



THE
ORIENTAL PEREGRINATOR.

C. KLITZ.
G E N U I N E
M E M O I R S
OF THE LATE CELEBRATED
EDW. W——LY M——NTAGUE, Esq.
WITH *K*
R E M A R K S
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C. KLITZ.

M E M O I R S

OF THE LATE

MR. W——LY M——TAGUE.

C H A P. I.

Preliminary Positions and Remarks. Observations on some Passages in the Letters of the late Lady Mary W——M——.

TO be ever restless and dissatisfied, is natural to mankind; and this disposition impells us to seek pleasure in variety, and happiness in something unpossess'd.—That desirable something none ever attain, but all find amusement in its

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pursuit.

pursuit. Our time being thus engaged, and our passions employed, we pass thro' life in a continual agitation, and often enjoy in idea, what providence never permits us to taste in reality, during the period of our mortal existence.

Nor is it fit we should be entirely happy in this world, for if we were, we should think of no other; and the necessary thoughts of futurity would be sacrificed to the present enjoyments; permanent blessings would be forgot in the captivating charms of transitory pleasures; and mankind, lost to active bliss, would place all their happiness in a serene apathy, and find their greatest luxury in laziness.

But Providence, very wisely, to prevent the world from *running to rust*, if I may be allowed the expression, hath implanted

planted in our natures a perpetual desire of change ; an impulsive principle which renders the same objects satiating, and the same situations irksome. It is this principle which hath occasioned the rise and fall of empires in all ages, and furnished the materials for all the histories and biographical productions that ever were written. This hath impelled to the most important discoveries, and the noblest achievements ; and a more than ordinary share of this fire of impatience or active principle, is what forms the hero, philosopher, poet, or any other character which renders itself singular, or performs what is remarkable. Thus we may perceive, if order is heaven's first law, action is its greatest agent.

But though this active principle is diffused through the whole human race, yet

it has not a similar operation in every individual ; we find many whose natures are more heterogenous, and whose imaginations are more eccentric than the generality of mankind. It is the actions of such that furnish entertainment for the more phlegmatic, the more sedate, or the more sedentary part of the creation.

Mr. Pope very justly observes, that

"Most foul, 'tis true, but peep out once

“an age,

"Dull fullen prifoners in the body's cage,

“Dim lights of life, that burn a length of

“ years

“ Ufelefs, unfeen, as lamps in fepulchres,

"Like eastern kings, a lazy state they

"keep,

“ And close confin’d in their own palace

"Sleep."

Such form the bulk of mankind, who, if they

they can in the least vary their daily amusements, never wish to change the place of their residence. Their passions are domestic, their curiosity limited, and the daily occurrences which may happen in the course of their business, or in the circle of their acquaintance, is all the variety they desire to know. The strange and surprising they are content to take at second hand, and being perfectly satisfied with reading and hearing of things that are uncommon, they never wish to run any hazard in seeing or knowing experimentally what others relate. The actions of such are so little interesting, that a recital of their lives would appear extremely insipid and unentertaining.

But we may naturally expect a fund of amusement as well as instruction from the authentic memoirs of such whose lives

have been a continual scene of variety; Whose active spirits have perpetually impelled them to a change of place, as well as sentiments, and the greatness of whose souls, scorning to be prejudiced by vulgar customs transmitted by received opinions, or bias'd by common systems, hath led them to search for happiness, or seek amusement in various countries and in different capacities.

We have no doubt, but as the extraordinary character of the late honourable Mr. W——y M——t——gue hath excited curiosity in many nations, and among all ranks of people, that it will prove infinitely agreeable to the public, to lay before them an authentic narrative of his remarkable travels, entertaining adventures, and singular amours, which having all the merit of fact, are at the same time
fo

so surprizing as to exceed the most celebrated productions of fiction.

But as this restless and uncommon phenomenon was the son of a lady, whose personal and mental accomplishments have made a great noise in the world, and whose various adventures were likewise very extraordinary, it may not be amiss to preface the life of Mr. M——gue, by mentioning a few particulars relative to his noble mother. This seems the more necessary, as a very remarkable circumstance previous to his birth, and which was indeed the *primitive cause of his existence*, seems so intimately connected with these memoirs, that we could not with propriety begin them without it.

Sometime in the year 1716, the celebrated Lady Mary W—— M——

set out with her husband, who was appointed to go to *Constantinople* in a public capacity ; for that famous city.

They proceeded through Holland, Germany, Hungary, &c. to the place of their destination : the particulars of their journey, and the principal curiosities of the places through which they passed, are frequently described by the lady herself in a course of admirable letters written to many persons of the first distinction.

In a letter written at Vienna, dated Sept. 20, 1716, she says, speaking of the ladies of that court, “ I have not seen any
 “ such prudes as to pretend fidelity to
 “ their husbands, who are certainly the
 “ best natured set of people in the world,
 “ and look upon their wives gallants as
 “ favourably as men do upon their de-
 “ puties

“ puties that take the troublesome part of
 “ their business off their hands.”

In what light this lady might hold that part of prudery called chastity, or how she might estimate her husband's temper, we cannot pretend to say ; a little farther however, she insinuates, that she had not imbibed the Austrian customs, by telling us the following tale : “ One of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in
 “ my life was last night, and it will give
 “ you a just idea in what a delicate manner the *belles passions* are managed in this
 “ country ; I was at the assembly of the
 “ countess of ———, and the young
 “ count of ———, leading me down
 “ stairs, asked me how long I was to stay
 “ at Vienna, I made answer that my stay
 “ depended on the emperor, and it was
 “ not in my power to determine it.

“ Well,

“ Well, Madam, (said he) whether your
 “ time here is to be longer or shorter, I
 “ think you ought to pass it agreeably,
 “ and to that end you must engage in a
 “ little affair of the heart.—My heart (an-
 “ swered I, gravely enough) does not en-
 “ gage very easily, and I have no design
 “ of parting with it. I see, Madam, (said
 “ he sighing,) by the ill-nature of that
 “ answer, that I am not to hope for it,
 “ which is a great mortification to me
 “ that am charmed with you, but how-
 “ ever I am still devoted to your service,
 “ and since I am not worthy of entertain-
 “ ing you myself, do me the honour of
 “ letting me know whom you like best
 “ amongst us, and I’ll engage to manage
 “ the affair entirely to your satisfaction.
 “ You may judge in what manner I should
 “ have received this compliment in my
 “ own country, but I was well enough ac-
 “ quainted

“ acquainted with this to know that he really
 “ intended me an obligation ; and I
 “ thank’d him with a very grave curt’sey,
 “ and only assured him that I had no oc-
 “ casion to make use of it.”

Now, if this be fact, and who would be so impolite as to doubt the veracity of a lady, in such a case especially, what conclusions must the mind acquainted with her ladyship’s character draw ? We must naturally conjecture, that either the abruptness or indelicacy of the address, or the person from whom it came, displeased her, or that she certainly was, as she says in a subsequent letter of the 26th of the same month, “ already infected with the
 “ phlegm of the country,” for it is most certain that the prolific and warm climate of Turkey greatly altered her ladyship’s
 sentiments

sentiments soon after, and rendered her not quite so scrupulous and phlegmatic.

It must be confessed, that if she had even had *a little affair of the heart*, it would have impeached her understanding to have confessed it, as not to have informed her fair correspondent that she had been addressed by a lover, would have seemed a tacit confession that her charms had been neglected; an idea which her ladyship's natural vanity could not on any account suffer to take root.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Continuation of Remarks on the beforementioned Letters.—Some curious Inferences.—A singular Detection in a very singular Circumstance.

THE celebrated lady mentioned in the last chapter, might, with propriety, be termed the *Sapho* of the present century.

In point of personal charms, she eclipsed the Grecian poetess, and was her equal, if not her superior, with respect to the elegance of her wit, and her love of refinement in the most voluptuous pleasures.

We should not have taken the liberty to make remarks on letters which are to
be

be admired for the elegance of their composition, and the accuracy of their information, nor to have scrutinized the conduct of a lady, whose great abilities we venerate, and whose faults none were to answer for but herself, had not our subject, and truth rendered such critical enquiries absolutely necessary.

Though the lady herself, or her friends who published her letters after her death, took infinite pains not to betray secrets, yet circumstances that have since transpired, and several passages in the epistles themselves, have given foundation to more than bare surmise.

What are we to think of the expressions used in describing her visit to the lovely *Fatima*, the *Thahya's* lady, when her young
 damsels

damsels are ordered to dance before our modern *Sappho*.

“ This dance (she says) was very different from what I had seen before, nothing can be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*, the times so soft—the motions so languishing, accompanied with pauses and dying eyes —half falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive, the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth, could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoke of*.”

Does not the soul of the lady speak in these words? Warmed by the subject her inclination appears without disguise; her prudence is lost in passion.—That frigid turn of thinking contracted in the dominions

nions of the House of Austria, seems to have vanished before the captivating soft music, and languishing dances of the Turkish *harams*. We have no doubt but these soft and soothing incentives might overcome the purer resolutions which her cooler reason might have wished to cherish. And that aided by such blandishments, *that* love inspiring climate had sacrificed sentiment at the throne of sensation, and by giving birth to *certain ideas* had stimulated the fair voluptuary to *something not to be spoke of*.

In her 43d letter, she again says, "'tis
 " certain what we *feel* and *see* is properly
 " (if any thing is properly) our own, but
 " the good of fame, the folly of praise,
 " are hardly purchased, and when ob-
 " tained, poor recompence for the loss of
 " time and health. We die, or grow old
 " before

“ before we can reap the fruit of our labours, considering what short-liv’d, weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure ?”

Is it not naturally to be supposed, that a person who held out such a system as rational, and seemed so fond of the theory, would adopt the practical part, and miss no present opportunity of enjoying a more substantial satisfaction than what would accrue from the meer intellectual pleasures of platonic gratification.

In another place she informs us that she is no enemy to pleasure “ when it is properly seasoned, and of a good composition.”

The above passages are sufficient to evince the nature of the lady's ideas, and the bent of her inclinations.

We do not wish to build upon what has been reported of her by *common fame*, as *common fame* is certainly a very great *magnifier of facts*, as well as *inventor of falsehoods*. Without therefore recurring to the exaggerations of the chronicles of scandal or spleen, if the public only believe a fiftieth part of what hath been asserted concerning this remarkable personage, it will be sufficient to corroborate what we mean to advance.

This lady in her writings frequently insinuates that she never saw the inside of the imperial *seraglio*; yet she tells us, that she was informed by the *Sultana Hafiten* favourite of the *Emperor Mustapha* who was
deposed

deposed, “ that the story of the Sultan’s
 “ throwing a handkerchief is altogether fa-
 “ bulous, and the manner upon that occa-
 “ sion no other than this :—He sends the
 “ *Kysler Aga* to signify to the lady the ho-
 “ nour he intends her, she is immediately
 “ complimented upon it by the others,
 “ and led to the bath, where she is per-
 “ fumed and dressed in the most magni-
 “ ficent and becoming manner; the em-
 “ peror precedes his visit by a royal pre-
 “ sent, and then comes into her apart-
 “ ment. Neither is there any such thing
 “ as her creeping in at the bed’s foot.—
 “ Sometimes the Sultan diverts himself in
 “ the company of all his ladies, who stand
 “ in a circle around him; when they were
 “ ready to die with envy and jealousy of
 “ the *happy she* that he distinguished by any
 “ appearance of preference.”

We are sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of not assenting implicitly to what is advanced by a lady, but the character of a *faithful biographer*, and a strict adherence to facts, render a contrary conduct absolutely requisite.

We cannot condemn our modern *sapho* for the prudent concealment of an error, which perhaps was not intentional; but we must beg leave to say that the Sultana *Hafiten* did not tell her the above particulars.

This may seem a bold assertion, but there is the strongest presumption of its being a fact, for the *Ottomans* of both sexes would sooner lose their lives than reveal to any one, upon any occasion whatever, the most trifling circumstance relative to the policy or internal management
of

of their * *seraglios* or *harams*, as they hold all *connubial secrets sacred*.

We give the lady the credit of being a pleasing, as well as an elegant writer, and of describing things in a most striking, and minute manner. But whatever in other respects she may have written upon hearsay, we are clearly of opinion, that in this point her intelligence is derived from personal knowledge, which she obtained by the following adventure.

* None but the imperial recesses of sensuality are called *seraglios*, all others are termed *harams*:

C H A P. III.

The Ambassador taken ill.—His Lady's behaviour.—Amorous propensity of the Turkish Ladies.—Facility of intriguing in Turkey.—The singular Adventures of the Seraglio.—Its consequences, &c.

THE husband of our modern *sapba* had not been long at Constantinople, before he was attacked by a kind of malignant disorder, which confined him for some weeks to his bed, and for some months to his chamber.

His lady behaved with great respect, and indeed tenderness during his illness; but she was neither so passionately tender as to fall sick to keep him company, nor so doatingly fond as to become his nurse.

She

She knew that there were plenty of those about him who were much better qualified than herself to prescribe remedies, or administer necessaries to him. Knowing therefore that the utmost human care was taken of him, she left the event to providence with singular resignation, and gave way to the propensities natural to her disposition ; that is, she pursued knowledge with unwearied diligence, and then to soften the severity of her studies, sought the relaxation of the amusements and pleasures of the east, or took every means to gratify her curiosity, which was excessive.

She had frequently intimated a strong desire to gain admission into the imperial *seraglio*, that she might behold the internal wonders of that celebrated place. But all whom she ever mentioned this to, represented the thing as impossible, except a

Jew merchant, who informed her, that such favour he believed, might be procured, but the utmost privacy and precaution must be used.

Eager to gratify her curiosity, she did not recur to consequences, and stimulated by the idea, perhaps mixed with vanity, of beholding so remarkable a place, from which all except those doomed to reside there, were excluded, she did not give herself time to reflect on a step, if not dangerous, at least indiscreet.

It may not here be amiss to mention, that soon after her arrival at Constantinople, she assumed the Turkish habit, in order, upon any occasion, to gratify her curiosity with greater ease and privacy, and without being noticed, as she must have been in her own dress.

With

With respect to the facility of a lady's going undiscovered wherever she pleases in a Turkish dress, and the ease with which the females of those eastern countries manage their intrigues, take her own words.

“ As to their morality (meaning the
 “ Turkish ladies) or good conduct, I can
 “ say like Harlequin, that it is just as it
 “ is with you, and the Turkish ladies do
 “ not commit one sin the less for not being
 “ Christians. Now that I am a little ac-
 “ quainted with their ways, I cannot for-
 “ bear admiring either the exemplary dis-
 “ cretion, or extreme stupidity of all the
 “ writers that have given accounts of
 “ them : it is very easy to see, they have
 “ in reality more liberty than we have ;
 “ no woman of what rank soever is per-
 “ mitted to go into the streets without
 “ two *murlins*, one that covers her face all

“ but her eyes, and another, that hides
 “ the whole drefs of her head, and hangs
 “ half way down her back ; their shapes
 “ are also wholly concealed by a thing they
 “ call a *ferigee*, which no woman of any
 “ fort appears without, this has strait
 “ sleeves that reach to their fingers ends,
 “ and it laps all around them, not unlike
 “ a riding hood ; in winter it is of cloth,
 “ and in summer of plain stuff or silk.
 “ You may guess then, how effectually
 “ this disguises them, so that there is no
 “ distinguishing the great lady from her
 “ slave. It is impossible for the most
 “ jealous husband to know his wife when
 “ he meets her, and no man dare touch or
 “ follow a woman in the streets. This
 “ perpetual masquerade gives them entire
 “ liberty of following their inclinations
 “ without danger of discovery.”

The

The before-mentioned Jew was as good as his word, and in the above-described disguise she was introduced into the *seraglio* of his sublime highness, that *sanctum sanctorum* of voluptuous gratification, and grand repository of terrestrial beauties.

After she had gratified her curiosity by examining the elegance of the apartments, the splendor of the furniture, the beauties of the garden, and the charms of the ladies, she was given to understand that no female was ever permitted to enter that place without being subservient to the inclinations of his sublime highness; that as it was a ceremonial never dispensed with, it was expected in the present instance that it would be complied with without resistance.

Whe-

Whether the lady made a virtue of necessity, and submitted with a good grace to what she had no power to prevent—whether she affected to expostulate,—yielded with reluctance, or was compelled into a compliance, we cannot pretend to assert; suffice it to say, that in the spring of the year 1718, our hero came into the world.

He was a fine boy, but it is said Mr. M—— could not indure the sight of him; his mother however was fond of him to an excess, and though she had other children, took a singular pleasure in evincing upon every occasion a peculiar partiality for young W——ly.

In his maturer years he is said frequently to have boasted of his illustrious lineage,
and

many who have seen the then Grand Signior have declared that he bore some resemblance of that monarch.

C H A P. IV.

Young W——ly's great natural Endowments—He is put to Westminster School—His roving Disposition—Runs away from School—Finds himself advertis'd—Changes Cloaths with a Chimney Sweeper, and commences brother of the brush.

AS Young W——ly's years encreased, the shining qualities of his mind were the admiration of all who knew him, — He possessed all that elegance of wit and vivacity which distinguished his illustrious mother; together with the voluptuous disposition, and love of pleasure that marked the character of the great personage from whom he was always proud to deduce his origin.

At

At the proper age he was put to Westminster School, where the brilliancy of his genius, the tenaciousness of his memory, and quickness of his penetration attracted the notice of the master of that seminary—while his whimsical temper afforded a continual fund of amusement to the young gentlemen who were the companions of his studies.

Considering his volatile disposition he improved amazingly, but a restless temper, an impatience of controul, and a roaming desire seemed to evince themselves in his composition—he would frequently absent himself from school, and make excursions into the fields for a whole day together, for which he was as often corrected; but correction did not prevent him from repeating his fault, till he had been so often punished that chastise-

tisement lost its terrors, and he determined to attempt quitting the school for ever, let what would be the event.

In consequence of this determination, he one morning early made an elopement, and wander'd about the chief part of the day wonderfully pleased with the enjoyment of unrestrained liberty.

Hunger at length compelled him to seek some refreshment, he immediately repaired to a pastry cook's shop, and gratified his appetite with what he there thought most delicious, assuaging his thirst at the same time with some whey.

As it was now in the midst of summer, and the weather remarkably serene and fine, he never once thought of a place to lodge in at night—however when it
drew

drew towards evening, he rambled into the fields, and very comfortably reposed himself upon a haycock.

Another day and night passed exactly in a similar manner, and he began to think his new method of passing his time extremely insipid, if not tiresome.—Not being accommodated with substantial food as customary, indisposed him very much, and he felt himself exceedingly stiff and full of pain in all his limbs, which he rightly attributed to the sleeping in the open air.

But another inconvenience appeared to him more disagreeable than the above, which was, not having any person to converse with, or to communicate his thoughts to—he began to wish himself at school again, or at least that he had enticed some of

his school-fellows to elope with him, and share the same fate as himself.

He therefore determined to seek some better accommodation than he had had since his absenting himself from school, in a place of public entertainment, which stood near the field that had served him as a bed-chamber.

He entered the house, and enquired if he could breakfast there; the landlady replied he might—but at the same time survey'd him with surprize, on account of his youth. A certain noble air which was natural to him, the elegance of his dress, and the hay, which every where hung about his cloaths, and was entangled in his hair.

Breakfast was scarce over when a hawk-er brought in a news-paper, and threw

it down near where young W——ly
sat.——

He took it up in order to amuse himself—but what was his confusion, when casting his eyes over it, he found an advertisement fully describing himself; and offering a reward for seizing and bringing him back again to the school.——

His perplexity is inexpressible. He fancied the people of the house knew the whole affair, and could read the misdemeanor he had been guilty of in his face, and began to be apprehensive that they were about to seize him, and deliver him up to the master of the seminary, from which he had eloped.

These reflections alarmed him so much that he asked what was to pay in great disorder, and being told, threw down the

money in haste, and decamped with the utmost precipitation, frequently looking behind him with the greatest confusion and terror.

After he had run himself out of breath, and out of danger, as he fancied, he began to moderate his pace, and to consider what was to be done in his present dilemma.

While he was ruminating, a chimney-sweeper's boy appeared in view. — A thought immediately struck him — that if he should change his apparel with this boy, who was about his size, that the dress of a chimney-sweeper would effectually disguise him.

He made the proposal to the boy — who seeing the elegance of young W — ly's garb

garb very readily consented to a change which appeared to be so greatly to his own advantage.

They retir'd to an empty house to make the exchange—which was no sooner effected, than the chimney-sweeper drily ask'd young W——ly if, now he had the dress, he had a mind to learn the trade.

W——ly replied in the affirmative, provided he could have a good master.

“ As for that (replied young *Sable*) I'll
“ take you to my master, you can't have
“ a better—He'll fill your belly, if he
“ beats your back.”

This information did not intimidate young W——ly—The idea of commencing chimney sweeper tickled his imagina-

tion, and suited exactly with his natural inclination for novelty.

His new comrade immediately conducted him to his master, who was sitting by the fire-side with his wife. —

The singularity of their appearance threw the footy couple into a great consternation --- they cou'd not conceive the meaning of such a strange metamorphoses; figure to the imagination a boy as black as foot could make him, dress'd in an elegant suit of light colour'd cloaths, white silk stockings, and a silver-lac'd hat--- while a comely youth appeared by the side of him, with a skin as fair as alabaster, yet clad in the sable garments of a chimney-sweeper, and whose fine head of hair was covered with a dirty woolen night-cap full of holes.

But

But their doubts were soon solv'd by their apprentice, who informed them of the particulars of the whole affair, and of young W——ly's desire to commence a brother of the brush.

The master immediately consented to receive him as one of the fraternity, and to initiate him in the mysteries of the profession.--But deeming our hero's cloaths to be too good a prize for his boy, he determined to convert them to his own use.---Therefore ordering the boy to strip, he gave him the same kind of apparel as he had lately parted from to young W-----ly; and promis'd to keep the others safely for him, till he was out of his time.

C H A P. V.

A curious Adventure.—Terrifies some Gamsters, and seizes their Money.—Another whimsical Exploit.—He is apprehended, carried before a Magistrate, and delivered to his Friends.—The judicious Behaviour of the Master of Westminster School.

DISAGREEABLE as this dirty profession may seem, young W——ly grew fond of it; and became so great a proficient in the footy business, that his master was very happy in having met with him.

Add to this, his comical humours, and whimsical ways, diverted all that he came near; so that wherever he went to sweep chimneys he was sure to be well treated,
and

and often had money given him as a recompence for the mirth he occasioned; this money he constantly spent upon his fable comrades, which made them exceedingly fond of his company, and always ready to oblige him: thus he lived much happier than the idea of such an employment could permit one to suppose.

A publican who was an acquaintance and neighbour of his master, had some company in his house one evening, who refused to leave the house when he wanted to retire to rest.

They were in a back parlour pretty much intoxicated, and busily employed in gaming: a large sum of money was deposited on the table, dependant on the play; while the effects of the liquor they had drank, with the eagerness and
anxi-

anxiety on account of their stakes, occasioned them frequently to utter the most bitter imprecations.

The landlord expostulated with them in vain, they positively refused either to quit the house or cease from swearing.

At length it came into the landlord's head to apply to our hero's master for one of his boys to execute a scheme which he had conceived.

Young W———ly was sent with him : he led him into a room adjoining to that in which the gamesters were at play, and directed him to ascend the chimney there and descend through that which belonged to the parlour where they were so busily engaged.

Our

Our hero followed his instructions, and descended the chimney without their hearing him, when creeping softly into the midst of the room unperceived, he suddenly cried out with a loud voice, "My master Lucifer " has sent me for you all." Hearing the words, they all instantaneously turned their eyes to the place from whence the fiend proceeded, and perceiving his fable appearance, a general panic seized them, they started up suddenly, crowded to the door with the utmost terror, and made their escape with the greatest precipitation.

This whimsical method of driving away troublesome company was attended with these further good consequences. — The fright cured every individual of them of the itch for gaming, and the habit of swearing.

As

As they were too much terrified to reflect, and in too great a hurry to make their escape, they never thought of their money, which remained on the table, and was seized upon by the landlord and our hero, who divided it equally between them as lawful prize money.—

As there was something whimsical in another of our hero's adventures while he remained in the capacity of a chimney sweeper, we shall recite it.

Being sent to sweep some chimneys at a house in Golden-square, he got out at the top of the chimney, and after looking about for some time from the leads of the house, curiosity at length prompted him to descend a chimney which belong'd to the next house.

He

He descended into an elegant bed-chamber, where he perceived a fine down bed, which the lady of the house had just quitted.

As he had lodged but indifferently for some time past, he determined to give his limbs a quarter of an hour's indulgence, by creeping into the lady's place, and covering himself over head and ears, where he lay for some time buried in down, and exulting in the success of the whim.

At length a chamber-maid came into the room to make the bed, and place every thing in its proper order.

This girl it seems had for a long time made a practice of stealing her mistress's

marmalade, and other sweetmeats, which were deposited in a closet in this bed-chamber, and which the girl got at by means of a false key that she kept for that purpose.

According to custom she went to the closet and regaled herself as long as she thought proper, with what she fancied the most delicious.——

As soon as she was satisfied, she carelessly approached towards the bed in order to make it, when pulling off the cloaths, up started young W——ly, who retreated towards the chimney, and scrambling up with great expedition and dexterity, got into the next house, finished his business, and went home.

As

As for the poor girl, she was so exceedingly terrified, that she only gave one violent scream and fainted away.

Alarmed by the noise, the rest of the servants ran to see what had occasioned it.

When they perceived her condition, they used their utmost endeavours to recover her, and soon succeeded.

She had no sooner recovered her recollection, than she hastened to her mistress, and throwing herself at her feet, with tears in her eyes, implored her forgiveness for the wrong she had done her, confessing in what manner, and how long she had stolen her sweetmeats, and delivering up the false key with which she had perpetrated the crime—at the same time she solemnly

solemnly promised never to repeat that or any offence of a similar nature, since a judgment had befallen her for what she had already done.

She then in a most pitiful tone gave an account of the devil's having appeared to her, exaggerating every circumstance, and giving all that dreadful magnitude to the suppos'd apparition, which a terrified imagination cou'd conceive. — She declared he was upwards of seven feet in height, that his eyes were as large as saucers, and as fierce as fire, that blue flames issued from his mouth and nostrils, that his tale was as big as a ship's cable, and his cloven foot, of which she gave a particular description, was much larger than the foot of the largest ox—She concluded this monstrous detail by asserting
that

that he vanish'd away, in a flash of lightning.

The other servants corroborated what she said, in respect to some circumstances, such as the room and bed being cover'd over with a sort of black dirt, which, as they were wonderfully sagacious, they supposed must be *brimstone ashes*—and the footy smell they insisted could proceed from nothing but sulphur.

Whatever the lady thought, she pretended to credit the whole story, and took an occasion to give them a lecture on the moral duties—dwelling largely on the efficacy of the old proverb, *that honesty is the best policy*, and expatiating on the dreadful consequences attending a breach of the *seventh* commandment.

This whimsical adventure however, luckily reform'd the girl; who was naturally disposed to pilfer whatever came in her way, but the fright render'd her ever after concientiously honest. Thus many of young W——ly's whims, which were infinitely diverting to himself, became beneficial in the end to others.

As our hero was exceedingly liberal to his sable comrades upon all occasions, he soon exhausted not only what money had been given him, but all which he had gained by frightening the gamesters.

Many of the chimney sweepers with whom he had contracted an intimacy, design'd to celebrate the ensuing 5th of November. They had prepared faggots for a bonfire, and purchased fireworks according to their respective abilities.

Our

Our hero, who was naturally ambitious, wished to outdo them all in the article of fireworks, by making a superior purchase.

But not having any money left, he determined to gratify his inclination by disposing of a gold watch, which had formerly been given him by a relation, and which he had not parted from when he chang'd apparel with the chimney-sweeper's boy.

To this end, he went into a watch-maker's shop, without having the least apprehension that he should meet with any difficulty,—and asked the master of the shop, if he would purchase a watch.

The watch-maker finding it to be a very valuable one, could not conceive that it came honestly into the possession

of a chimney sweeper's boy; in fact, he had no doubt but he had stolen it from some house, where he had been employ'd to sweep the chimneys.

Full of this idea, he kept young W——ly in talk while one of his men fetch'd a constable, who immediately carried him before a magistrate.

Our hero was now frightened out of his wits—in vain he pleaded that it was his own—the justice so far from believing him, was about to commit him to goal, that he might be tried for stealing it.

Reduc'd to this dilemma, he was oblig'd to confess his birth and family, who he had the watch as a present from, and his elopement from Westminster school.

The

The justice immediately sent an account of the whole transaction to his relations, and the head master of the school, who all very soon made their appearance.

The magistrate was sincerely thank'd by his friends—the master chimney sweep-er was sent for, and severely reprimanded for having concealed a youth of his appearance, in a clandestine manner—and young W——ly was again committed to the care of the reverend gentleman, who then presided over that seminary of learning.

It requir'd a great deal of trouble and a considerable time to bring his skin to its natural colour again, and to eradicate the particles of soot which had penetrated into the very pores,

As severe methods had been formerly found to be ineffectual with young W—ly, his master judiciously determin'd to try what lenient measures wou'd do, and therefore, instead of chastizing him for absenting himself from school, he was forgiven, caress'd, and receiv'd every kind of indulgence.

C H A P. VI.

Runs away again.—Goes to New-Market.

*Is defrauded by Sharpers.—A Relation
seizes Him.—The Sharpers obliged to
refund.—W———ly is brought to Lon-
don.—Sent again to School, and treated
with great Rigour.*

BUT a disposition constitutionally
volatile, and a mind naturally ro-
ving, can only be check'd for a time.—
Such a temper when curb'd or restrain'd,
suddenly breaks out, and evinces itself
with a greater degree of violence.

Thus our hero, who had behav'd pret-
ty circumspectly for a few months, began
again to grow tir'd of the regularity of

school-discipline, and to resolve upon another excursion without the leave of his preceptors.

His imagination had lately been fir'd by the accounts he had heard of the horse races at New-Market.—He determin'd to be an eye-witness of what in description appeared so pleasing.

To this end, he again absented himself from school one morning early, a few days previous to the commencement of the races, and having enquir'd the road to New-Market, he made haste to quit the town, and being overtaken by the New-Market stage coach, he got into it, and arriv'd there that evening.

Nor had he forgot the principal article, a large sum of money; For he had been
plenti-

plentifully supplied by an usurer, who made it his business to get acquainted with the young noblemen and gentlemen of Westminster school, that by administering to their propensity to vice, he might take the advantage of their follies, and by the help of his own cunning and artifice, reap the benefit of their carelessness and inexperience.

The races at length began; young W——ly was wonderfully delighted with them,—and perceiving with what ardor the bets were laid, he was desirous of commencing adventurer,—but did not know who to address himself to, or how to proceed.

He was not suffer'd long to remain in this state of uncertainty and perplexity. Some sharpers had observed the elegance of

his dress, and a certain nobleness of deportment by which, from his infancy, he had always been peculiarly distinguished.—They justly judg'd that he was of some considerable family, and concluded from his being at New-Market, that he was hardly deficient in point of cash.---These ideas were sufficient to induce them to mark him as a proper object, to be made a prey of.

One of the sharpers was therefore deputed from the rest to try the experiment.—He addressed himself to young W——ly, by asking him if he wou'd bett, and choose to take odds.

Tho' our hero was ignorant of what he meant by odds he did not chuse to betray his ignorance,—but briskly answer'd in the affirmative.

They began to bett with great spirit, and our hero lost his money with the greatest good temper and much seeming satisfaction.--Indeed they found him to use the sharpers own technical phrases, a *willing Pigeon, mighty easy to be pluck'd*. We scarce need to add that he was stripp'd of every shilling which he had about him.

His youth and inexperience, the little knowledge he had of the use of money, and the novelty of the thing, prevented him from perceiving his losses in any other light, than as occurrences that must happen upon such occasions of course.—Nay so far was he from supposing that he had been defrauded, or any advantage taken of his simplicity or ignorance of such affairs,—that he very willingly disposed of his watch, and a valuable ring he had with him, in order to continue the
sport,

sport, as he called it, and indeed he did continue it, till he had nothing left.

In the evening he retired from the course much fatigued, and repair'd to the inn where he had hitherto put up, when he soon went to bed.

The next morning he was rather chagrin'd, that he had not money to repeat his diversion,—he however repair'd to the course at the usual time, thinking that he might meet with those who had won his money the day before, and not doubting but they would lend him a trifle to try his luck again.

He had however not been above a quarter of an hour upon the course, before he was perceiv'd by the very relation who as before mentioned, gave him the gold watch,

watch, which he had the preceeding day entirely parted with.

This gentlemen had been appriz'd of young W——ly's elopement from school before he left London, and was very happy to have an opportunity of securing him, and sending him to town again.

He seiz'd him immediately, and taking him to an inn strictly interrogated, and severely reprimanded him.—W——ly confess'd the truth of every thing with great candour, except the borrowing of the money of the usurer, and the sum he had lost; he told his relation indeed that he had lost all he brought with him, as well as his watch and ring.

The

The gentleman now explain'd to him in what manner he had been defrauded; — inform'd him, that those he had betted with; were no other than common sharpers, and warn'd him in the most lively manner against gaming in general; he then determin'd to take our hero to the course again, that he might, if possible, point out these honest gentlemen, who so dextrously *pluck'd his feathers* as they term it, that he might apprehend them.

Young W———ly accompanied his relation upon this expedition with great pleasure.—As his pride was piqued to think he had believ'd those to be gentlemen, who in reality were only sharpers, and to have been defrauded at a time he fancied he had lost his money fairly.

They

They had not been long upon the turf; before our hero perceiv'd the black legg'd gentry, who had so egregiously imposed upon him, he pointed them out to his noble relation, and those that were with him; they were easily seiz'd upon, and being sensible of the consequence and dignity of those in whose power they were, they gladly compounded for their release, by a restitution of the watch and ring; they wou'd indeed have restor'd the money, but that was generously refus'd, and very glad our hero was that it happened so, as the restitution wou'd have occasioned his intercourse with the usurer to have been detected,—for the largeness of the sum wou'd have caus'd an enquiry into the manner by which he became possess'd of so much cash.

In a few days his relation return'd with
him

him to London, having, during the remainder of his stay at New-Market, caus'd him to be narrowly watch'd to prevent his escaping from him, if he meditated any such thing.

On his arrival in town, he underwent a great number of severe lectures, and at length was return'd to school, with particular directions to his master to chastise him with the utmost severity.

Those directions were punctually complied with, and he felt the terrors of school discipline in their greatest rigor.

This, instead of changing his disposition, only served to confirm him in a determination to quit the school entirely on the first opportunity, and to take such measures as wou'd effectually prevent his being again retaken.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Absents himself a third Time.—Is intoxicated and robb'd.—Sequel of a villainous Confederacy.—Roguery of a trading Captain.—Embarks for Spain.—Is very ill us'd during the Voyage.—Runs away from the Ship.

IT was not long before he put his design in execution. He had a pretty considerable sum with him, with which he was furnished by the before mentioned usurer, who was always willing to accommodate any whom he knew to be heirs to ample fortunes, with whatever sums their follies or vanities might require,—that is in consideration of being allowed to extort an unconscionable premium and exorbitant interest—for his kindness.

He made the best of his way to Wapping, where he enquired for the captain of a trading vessel of whom he had been previously informed.

He soon found him,—the captain was bound to *Cadiz*, and intended to sail the next day, if the weather permitted.

Young W——ly had a passionate desire to see Spain, from the accounts he had heard and read concerning it; he determin'd to take this opportunity, and promised the captain to become a passenger.

Willing to pass the last evening that he intended to remain in England in a convivial manner; he went into a tavern, and ordered an elegant supper,—the people were surprized at his youth, but did not

not hesitate to comply with his desire, as they perceived he was possessed of money and had other valuables about him.

The master of the tavern was himself a notable sharper,—perceiving the simplicity and inexperience of his juvenile guest, he determined to *make the most of him.*

Young W——ly anticipated his desires by requesting him to give him his company at supper——This request he not only complied with, but introduced two of his intimates who were as great rogues as himself, to assist in the execution of his schemes.

After supper the glass was pushed briskly about, and cards introduced,—intoxication soon banished our hero's re-

fection; he lost his money without repining. What little precaution, or prudence he might have possessed when sober, were drowned in copious bumpers of claret— At length he was so far inebriated, as to sink down senseless on the floor.

This was what the honest gentry with whom he was in company wanted— what they had not cheated him of before, they now robb'd him of,—and then left him, without the least farther concern, to sleep off the fumes of those copious libations, which had reduc'd him to such a shameful state of insensibility.

When he came to himself in the morning he scarce recollected where he was,--- for never having been us'd to intemperance before---the excess had almost obli-

terated

terated the remembrance of every thing that had happened.

He however called aloud ; when the waiter appeared, he desired some coffee--- which was presently brought him, accompanied by an enormous bill of the preceeding night's expences.

When he had read the bill, he put his hand into his pocket to discharge it—— But words cannot express his astonishment, nor imagination paint his agonies, when he perceived that he had been plundered, not only of every fixpence he possessed, but of his watch, ring and every other moveable of value about him.

He called for the landlord with an air of desperation, which sufficiently evinced the horror of his mind.

The landlord appeared—he recited his misfortune—the landlord affected to fly into a violent passion, called him a sharper,—told him he came there with a design to bilk his house, and that he would send for a constable; saying these words he hastily flung out of the room,

The mistress now appeared, and with an affected concern, pretended to have great compassion upon his youth, and to pity his indiscretion, she represented her husband as a most terrible man, litigious and rash to the last degree, and exceedingly malicious when provoked; she therefore advis'd him to make his escape during her husband's absence, as he was gone for a constable, for said she in a very moving accent “ If you are carried before a mag-

“ gistrate, and committed to Newgate,

“ heaven knows what will be the consequence”.

Her artifice succeeded—the very name of Newgate was sufficient to terrify young W——ly, to whom confinement seemed terrible, tho’ under the most unexceptionable circumstances—and he was too much of a novice to see thro’ the finesse of these confederated sharpers.

He thanked the mistress for her kindness, as he deem’d it, and hasted from the house; wing’d by his fears, he hurried to the place of the captain’s residence, with whom he had conversed the day before.——Here he repeated his dismal tale--- and with the most doleful accents of unaffected sorrow, related his misfortune to the captain.

Mr. James, for that was the captain's name, saw into the whole affair immediately, he well knew the house and the people, and consequently could give a pretty near guess at the nature of the collusive transaction.

Without saying a word to our hero (whom he left at his house) he repaired to the tavern, and calling the master aside, flatly accused him of the whole affair, telling him that the young gentleman whom he had defrauded, was of a great family, and had most powerful friends---that the consequence of a discovery of this iniquitous transaction, would be his inevitable ruin.

After a little more conversation, the landlord perceived that the captain had taken this trouble upon himself, not as an
an

an advocate for justice---but on the more
 fordid motives of self interest.

They were not long now in understanding each other, ---Upon a promise of secrecy, the captain was admitted to partake liberally of what young W---ly had been despoil'd---and became in reality, an *accessary after the fact*. In return for this generosity of the landlord, he promised to let our hero work his passage to Spain, during which voyage, he would take care to use him so ill, that he should be glad to run away from the ship as soon as he landed, and then it would be a miracle if ever he returned to England again, to accuse them of defrauding him.

Thus we may perceive that captain James was no honefter than his worthy neighbours.

That

That evening our hero embarked on board the ship, on the stipulated agreement of working his passage.——

During the voyage, the captain punctually performed the promise he had made to the landlord, for he used poor W——ly so exceeding ill, that when they arrived at Cadiz, he took the first opportunity of quitting the ship.

The repeated misfortunes he had met with at so early an age, one would imagine, ought to have cur'd him of his roving disposition; but it had the contrary effect——his inclination encreased with difficulties, and a resolution which never forsook his mind, supported him under all misfortunes.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

W———ly's literary Acquisitions.—Engages to serve a Muleteer.---Bad accommodations for Travellers in Spain.---Inconvenience of the Spanish Inns.---Food.---Excessive Heat.---Singular Customs.---Frequent Murders.--Sanctuaries.---Character of the Spaniards.

YOUNG W———ly tho' of so volatile a disposition, had made an amazing progress in his studies.—The strength of his memory, and quickness of his penetration enabling him to make greater literary acquisitions than many of a much more sedate turn of mind, and assiduous disposition.—

He was exceedingly well acquainted with the Latin classics, and had some knowledge

ledge of the Greek.—He was well versed in French, having been taught to speak it from his infancy, and had a tolerable smattering of the Spanish---so that he was not at so great a loss as might at first be conceived.

Luckily in plundering him, the sharpers had overlooked a pair of Mocoa sleeve buttons set in gold,---these he sold at Cadiz and by that means procured subsistence for some days.

When his money was just exhausted, he by chance fell into conversation with a Muleteer, who wanted an assistant—W——ly readily offered his service which was accepted.

This employ, tho' one of the meanest in Spain, seemed the most eligible and
 3 pleasing

pleasing to our hero, as it would give him an opportunity of travelling unquestioned and unmolested, and of seeing many parts of the kingdom at his leisure.

In travelling with his new master he found great pleasure, as every day presented him with something new---and every object was food for his curiosity,---but his satisfaction was dash'd with some difficulties and inconveniences.---There are no beds in the inns to accommodate travellers; he was frequently obliged to lay on the boards, and even there was almost tormented to death with vermin.

Sometimes by choice, he lay in the stables with the mules, but here another plague attended him, for he was so pester'd with rats and mice, that he very seldom could get a wink of sleep.

With

With respect to the inns in Spain, it is remarkable that you enter the houses thro' the stables, nay even the stairs that lead to the different bed-chambers are in the stables, and always appear exceedingly dark and dirty.

Another disagreeable circumstance was the article of food, every thing the Spaniards eat is so full of garlick, saffron, spice and pepper, that it is impossible for those who are not used to such high seasoning, to swallow their food---and unluckily his master happened to be fond to an excess of such relishing dishes, so that poor W——ly was often obliged to go without his dinner, or to eat only a piece of dry bread, which was as black as a coal, and often so stale and hard, that he was forc'd to dip it in water to soften it, before he was able to bite it.

The

The excessive heat in Spain occasions a copious perspiration; this young W——ly who was naturally inclined to corpulency, found exceedingly troublesome.----He, however frequently relieved himself by wiping the sweat which trickled down his face, with a very fine and beautiful India handkerchief.

His master frequently saw this handkerchief with an envious eye.—One day he asked to look at it.

W——ly gave it him—he admired it for some time, and at length kissing it very devoutly, put it into his pocket---saying at the same time, that he did not think our hero had been of so liberal a temper---but that he should for ever esteem him for a present which shewed at once his generosity and good nature.

nature.——He then kissed his thumb, laid across one of his fingers, and swore to be his friend as long as he lived.*

Our hero was astonished at this proceeding---but said nothing to his master; he was however sorry for the loss of his handkerchief, as the want of it proved a great inconvenience.

To account for this transaction of his master, it is necessary to observe, that young W——ly afterwards found that it was customary in Spain, for any one who had a desire for something belonging to another, to ask to see it---when, if they chuse to keep it,--they kiss it and return thanks

* This is the custom of Spain, and is looked upon as a most solemn manner of swearing.——The Spaniards hold an oath so made, as sacred, and seldom or never break it,

thanks for it, as if it had been given them. This method of converting one persons property to the use of another, is so common in Spain, that the natives take no notice of its inconveniency.

Being once near Berberana, a town in Old Castille—our hero perceived a gentleman lying in a ditch, weltring in his blood;—he wou'd fain have gone to have seen if he was quite dead,—but his master wou'd not let him,—telling him to take no notice of it, but to keep on his way, and not to mention a syllable about the matter to any person.

This at once alarmed young W——ly and excited his curiosity; he began to enquire more particularly into the customs and manners of the country than he had hitherto done,—and his master who was

not deficient in point of understanding, gave him a very judicious account, which in substance was as follows.

That the Spaniards affect a solemn deportment, slow and steady pace, and serious countenance, that this studied gravity is only a veil to cover an infinite fund of wit and humour——They speak with great deliberation, and a majestic tone—which when they utter a joke or piece of raillery, gives it a double force. They are brave without being rash; for they do not love to attack, but to stand on the defensive; and this indolent intrepidity they ascribe to prudence.——They are ostentatious in pageantry and shew, yet unaffectedly liberal,—revengeful without appearing angry,—libidinous and uxurious with respect to women,—but temperate and sober, in regard to eating
and

and drinking.—They are tenacious of their honor, and great observers of their words tho' it cost them their lives. Patient, obstinate and great humourists,—they are vivacious,---penetrating,—fluent in speaking, but jealous to an excess; exceedingly superstitious, and very bad oeconomists.——Their behaviour is affected, formal and stiff,—they are naturally ingenious, but too lazy to employ their ingenuity,——and of that implacable disposition, that they never forgive an injury or fail to resent an affront, which is seldom done in an honourable manner, but usually by assassination.—Nay they not only cause those to be murdered who have affronted them, but likewise such as they have affronted,—least they should take the same advantage, for their maxim is *kill or be kill'd*

One great reason of the frequent murders in Spain, is the easiness with which the assassin can screen himself from justice, for if he flies to a church or a convent, he is safe,---and he generally takes care to commit the crime near some sanctuary. These sanctuaries are almost innumerable.

The Spaniards are short and lean-----leaness indeed is deemed a beauty among them---but they are well made, and have fine features---they have indeed a yellow or dusky complexion, but their eyes are remarkably bright, and their teeth regular and well set---they have large legs and small feet, their hair is parted in the middle, strait cut, and tuck'd behind the ears.

They wear a large hat, their cloaths are always black--- over which they have a black frieze cloak.

They

They have strait breeches and hanging sleeves, a long sword and a poinard.

Our hero found one advantage however in belonging to a Muleteer, which was, being better treated at the inns than even people of fashion, for as the Muleteers are constant customers and take their passengers to what inn they please, they are more caress'd by the inn-keepers, than genteeler persons whom they may never see again.

They have seldom above one cup in an inn, and if the mule driver gets hold of it, even a nobleman must stay with patience till he has done with it, or drink out of a wooden bowl or earthen pitcher.

As there are no chimneys in the inns, but in lieu thereof a hole in the cieling to

let the smoke through, people in cold weather are almost choak'd and blinded--- besides every thing must be paid for before you have it, for the inn-keeper is only allowed to lodge you---but not to find you either in eating or drinking, he is therefore (being very poor himself) obliged to ask the traveller for money, to go for what he wants, to the butcher, baker, fruiterer, vintner, &c.

The inn-keepers are great extortioners, and will defraud you if they can— tho' at the same time they pretend to do you the greatest honor,---for as soon as ever you enter their house, they run to dress themselves in their best, being perhaps the poorest and the proudest publicans in the universe---the good woman of the house then brings all her children, if she has any, about you---and obliges them

to touch your cloaths---and rub their eyes, throats, cheeks and hands with them.

In noblemen and gentlemens families, the servants all live upon board wages, which are very low---and in fact, tho' naturally abstemious they are half starved; this renders them so ravenous, that they pilfer as much as they can from what is drest for their master's tables; to prevent which, the grand dinners in Spain are usually sent up in dishes and covers, which are padlock'd together, to prevent the depredation that wou'd otherwise be made between the kitchen and dining room.

C H A P. IX.

Spain the Region of Love.—The amorous Disposition of Young W——ly.—The early Age at which the Spaniards engage in Intrigues.—Singular method of unveiling a Woman without touching her.—A Journey to Madrid.—The Prelude of an Adventure, at an Inn on the Road.

S P A I N is certainly the region of love and gallantry—the tender passion is here carried to its utmost excess of refinement—no people in the universe, are by nature more amorous than the Spaniards; the climate and manner of living, increases their natural disposition for voluptuous pleasures, and the great restraint under which the women are kept, is a spur to their ingenuity, and adds to the
extacy

extacy of every amour, by giving it the air of a deep intrigue.

The inclinations of young W——ly were naturally as amorous, and his disposition to the full as voluptuous, as the most libidinous Spaniard existing.

He could not but perceive, that in this country, *Cupid* found employment for many who were much younger than himself, for he was now considerably turn'd of fifteen years of age—and here it frequently happens, that a youth of fourteen is married to a girl of twelve—he therefore cou'd not but upbraid himself for having lived to *so advanced an age*, without having had a mistress, or engaging in any amour.

It was his nature to be ardent in whatever

ever he took in his head, these ideas were therefore no sooner established in his imagination, than he began to sigh for every woman he saw, or to languish after ideal mistresses---Indeed he never saw any woman but what was veil'd, unless a few by chance, who were either miserably poor, or very old and ugly.

As he had not the liberty of indulging himself with a sight of their features, or permission to admire their complexions, he determined to do in fancy what the custom of the country denied him the enjoyment of in reality---he therefore never met a woman, but he began to unveil her (in imagination) and to strip her (ideally) from those envious robes that prevented him from gazing on her native charms---and we must do the brilliancy of his fancy in this respect, the justice to say
that

---that he never beheld any Spanish nymph, by this method, but what was a perfect beauty, for he took care to figure to himself, on these occasions, nothing but parragons of perfections. ---

But this amorous diet, was of too thin a consistency, to gratify the warmth of his appetite long---he found speculative passion not at all suitable to the ardor of his disposition, and longed very much to reduce the theory of love to practice.

He was ambitious, but the sphere of life in which he at present mov'd, prevented him from entertaining the idea of soaring to such exalted beauties, whose rank and charms merited that grandees alone should kneel before them.-----He began for the first time to be ashamed of his situation---and to blame himself for
a frolick

a frolick which had reduced him so low in the scale of human consequence.

As there was no remedy but patience--- he determined to make a virtue of necessity, and not to lose the least opportunity of indulging himself in those pleasures which might lie within his reach--- but to avail himself of every means of sensual gratification which chance might present, or fortune lay before him.

These and similar ideas continually employed his mind, but he did not for some time meet with any adventure worth recording.

At length being obliged to make a journey to Madrid with his master, they put up one night at a little lone inn on the road.

At

At this inn another carrier besides his master had taken up his lodging, on his return from Madrid to Salamanca.

The landlord had a niece, who happened to be of a very amorous complexion.

This nymph who was well made and very pretty, appeared without her veil.

W——ly was greatly struck with her appearance---the French *je ne ſcai quoi* which he found in her took entire poſſeſſion of his heart, and the tartneſs of her anſwers, which to a youthful mind already prejudic'd in her favour, might paſs for wit, entirely rivetted his chains.

C H A P X.

W——ly smitten with the Charms of a Spanish Nymph.—Elogium on his Person. His Progress in the Spanish Tongue.—Fortune favours his Wishes.—Night Adventures.—Some whimsical Mistakes.—One Error pleasingly rectified by another. --- A rapturous Love-scene.--- All retire to their separate Apartments.

OUR hero could not keep his eyes from being fixed on the agreeable *Jeanot*, who, for her part took every opportunity to exchange glances with him. Indeed we cannot be surpriz'd at this, as it is very probable, that she never in her life before, beheld so comely a youth.--- For W——ly was very genteel in his person, and perfectly well made; his features were fine and regular, and tho' he
was

was a little sun-burnt with travelling about, his complexion still far exceeded what was to be seen among the natives of Spain.---Add to this he was sprightly in his conversation, engaging in his manner, and had a most insinuating address. Neither was her eye disgusted by seeing him in a dress to which she was not familiariz'd, for a little before his master had made him adopt the Spanish habit.

Our hero, by means of the quickness of his genius, and strength of his memory, had so well improved himself in the Spanish tongue, that he could speak it almost as fluently as a native, and was scarce to be distinguished for a foreigner by his accent. Thus was under no apprehension of being misunderstood, if he could but procure an opportunity of addressing himself to *Jeanot*.

Fortune

Fortune was propitious to his wishes--- the hostess was called out of the house to a daughter of her's in the neighbourhood, who was suddenly taken ill. The landlord had employment enough in the stable, to keep him for some time from interrupting them.---And with respect to his master, the only remaining spy, *Morpheus* stood his friend by closing his eye-lids with a leaden sleep.

W——ly did not let slip this favourable opportunity--- he pour'd forth the most rapturous expressions of love, with an amazing volubility, and took very close liberties, which tho' not authorized by the customs of Spain, yet were by no means displeasing to the blyth, blooming, and amorous *Jeanot*: in fine, she let him know the situation of her bed-chamber, and gave him to understand that if he
 should

should happen to mistake it for his own in the night, that she should not be terrified, or fancy him to be a ghost.

W——ly was quite in raptures at these innuendo's.—He impatiently wished for the hour of retiring to rest, and could eat no supper for the thought of his approaching happiness, as he deemed it.

At length the family retired to rest.—W——ly was obliged to lay with his master, as there was no other bed vacant.—And happy was he, as soon as he found by the melody of his nose, that he was in a profound sleep.

He now crept softly from his master, and pursued, as he thought, the directions given him by the pretty *Jeanot*.—He entered the room, and felt about for the bed—having found it—he called his mis-

treffs by the most endearing epithets--and began to embrace her as he imagined, when he received a box on the ear that almost stunn'd him.

Putting his hands out to guard himself from another salute of a similar nature, if such a repetition should be intended, he was amazed at encount'ring a rough face, and a pair of mustachios; these he was convinced could not appertain to the lovely *Jeanot*, he therefore perceived that he had made a very essential mistake, and thought it expedient to retreat with as much expedition as possible.

He made the best of his way towards the door of the chamber, but unluckily in his hurry ran his nose against it, he not only felt an extremity of pain by the blow, but was covered with blood in a moment. To add to his embarrassment,
his

his whiskered antagonist had pursued him to be revenged for having his repose disturbed, and was distributing convincing proofs of his resentment about the back; shoulders, and head of poor W-----ly.

Our hero at length opened the door, and precipitately fled he knew not which way, nor whither, as his principal concern was to escape the fury of his silent assailant, for the person who was so liberal in the use of his hands, to the great mortification of poor W-----ly, made not the least use of his tongue---nor did our hero utter a groan, lest he should be discovered.

But he made haste in vain for the other pursued him with equal celerity--when a thought came into his head to throw himself suddenly down, which would occasion his pursuer to fall over him, and

by this he imagined he might probably escape.

He put this scheme into execution--- It succeeded to admiration---his antagonist had a terrible fall, and broke his forehead against the wainscot---He did not however bear his misfortune with that degree of philosophic patience which young W-----ly had shewn under the severity of his blows---but roared out with amazing vociferation---The noise alarmed the whole house---our hero's master heard it---he called W-----ly, but receiving no answer, he felt about the bed for him---not being able to find him, he began to conjecture that he was either the cause of the disturbance, or by some means interested in it---He determined to be convinced of the truth of this surmise, so quitting his bed and room, he made as much haste

haste as the darkness would permit, towards the place from whence the sound seemed to proceed, and pacing along a gallery, drew nearer and nearer to it.

This noise was made by the muleteer, who, as before-mentioned, was upon his return from Madrid to Salamanca.---Our hero having mistaken his room for *Jeanot's* was the occasion of this terrible *fracas*, which in the sequel was still more whimsical than what hath been already related. For the muleteer having made a tolerable noise, and curs'd our hero, himself and the inn sufficiently, was about to seek his chamber again---when turning suddenly round, his head came exactly in contact with that of W-----ly's master, and their foreheads rung and rebounded with the violence of the blow.---The luckless muleteer fancied that he was indebted for this new insult to the same

person as first disturbed him, and afterwards threw him down,---the additional pain rendered him outrageous---he bel-
lowed like a wounded bull in the *Sierra Ronda**---and laid about him like a fury.

W——ly's master did not remain in debt for any of the blows he received---but honestly return'd the principal with substantial interest,---at length they clos'd with each other, and, falling together against a door in the gallery, they burst it open, and both fell into the room with a terrible noise.

This was the bed-chamber belonging to the master and mistress of the inn, who as soon as they heard the first alarm between the muleteer and W——ly, had covered themselves over head and ears with

* The place in Madrid, where the bull-fights are kept.

with the bed-cloaths, and instead of going to enquire into the cause of the disturbance, were counting their beads, repeating ave marias, and addressing themselves to all the saints in the kalender.-----

But finding the danger so near them they grew frantic, and began to verify the old proverb, which says that *cowards will fight valiantly when drove to desperation*. They jumped from the bed in a kind of phrenzy left off saying their prayers, to utter imprecations---and threw away their beads that they might have a better opportunity of using their hands, which they did in a most furious manner, so that the engagement now became what is usually term'd a *battle royal*, for as they fought at random, it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe---in fine, the noise of blows, oaths and cries in concert made an inexpressible confusion.

During these athletic adventures and manual operations in the dark---the reader may be curious to know what became of young W——ly, to say the truth, he was employed much more to his satisfaction, than his master, or the rest of the combatants—for after having escaped from the severity of the muleteer's resentment—he very prudently thought it the most judicious thing to retreat with all possible expedition to his chamber, again, but endeavouring to execute this resolution—he again mistook another chamber for his own—this second mistake was however much more pleasing than the first—for his error conducted him to the bed-side of the lovely *Jeanot*, who had long expected him with impatience, but on hearing the various disturbances of the night, had lain for a considerable time panting with fear.

In

In going to step into bed, our hero by chance put his hand upon her face—he was pleasingly surpriz'd at its softness—he knew it did not belong to his master—he felt no roughness—no mustachio's, and began to conceive that he had happily rectified one mistake by another,

The lovers soon understood each other ---a long parley wou'd have been the height of absurdity, for the disturbance still continued---no time was to be lost---the moments were precious---and the enamoured pair, thus circumstanced, were under the necessity of heartily snatching those inexpressible raptures, which fancy can better paint than words describe.

An extatic *feast* was denied them---the golden instant only permitted them just to *taste* of bliss---the adventure however

was

was so singular, and the gratification so pleasing, that the fleeting amour was impressed so forcibly on the imagination of our youthful voluptuary, as to stamp him ever after a votary of the Cyprian Queen.

He at length gained his bed before his master--and *Jeanot* having lighted a lamp, repaired to the field of battle, where the combatants were mutually astonished at the bloody spectacle each other made, and equally enraged on account of what they felt.

The muleteer swore the house was haunted---W——ly's master declared the same---the inn-keeper and his wife aver'd they were both mad---and *Jeanot* who looked mighty innocent upon the occasion, pretended to be frightened almost to death.

After

After a little more altercation, they retired to their separate apartments---being all so sorely bruised, and so much exhausted by the scuffle, that they had great need of a little repose.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

Singular Appearance of the different Combatants.---W——ly's master thinks the Inn baunted.--- Arrive at Madrid.--- Description of that City.

ON the ensuing morning, the appearance of every one of the combatants was truly singular---the only one in the house not externally marked, was pretty *Jeanot*, who appeared as demure as a vestal virgin.

The inn-keeper appeared with a large plaister over one eye, and the other so bruised that he could scarcely see out of it---his wife had covered her face almost entirely with gold-beater's skin, to hide
the

the marks of violence which had disfigured it---so that she cut a very whimsical figure, the muleteer had bound up his head and jaws with as much cloth, as would have made a turban for a Turkish Bashaw---and young W——ly made his appearance with a nose as big as his fist, and one eye entirely clos'd up, he however, with the other, took care to ogle *Jeanot*, who now and then returned him a gracious glance.

But our hero conceal'd being the primitive cause of this fracas, he averr'd that he had never been out of bed during the whole night, and that he received several blows, which awaked him from his sleep, and had done him the injury that was so extremely obvious on his countenance.

As the master gave implicit credit to
young

young W——ly, he left the inn, firmly persuaded that it was haunted, and fully determined never to put up there again whenever he happened to travel that road.

The same evening they arrived at Madrid—very sore with the bruises they had so recently received, and greatly fatigued with their journey.

Madrid which is about two English miles in circumference, has a pretty appearance from the country to a stranger as he approaches it. The number of spires, cupola's, and other large edifices, look very noble at a distance,—but the idea of magnificence and splendor, gradually decreases as the traveller enters the town.

Its river, call'd the Manzanares, is for several months in the year quite dry, at
other

other times a muddy stream, but in the spring it contains a prodigious quantity of water, and indeed frequently overflows, by means of the torrents of rain and the melted snow which pour down from the neighbouring mountains.

There is a magnificent stone bridge over this river, which was built by Philip II. Many travellers who have seen the Manzanares only at the time of its being dried up; or at least a muddy puddle, have made themselves very merry at that monarch's expence for building so large a bridge, where there was no water,—but had these critics seen the river at the time of its swell, they would have been convinced, that their raillery was premature.

Madrid is a very offensive place to
the

the olfactory nerves, owing to the great quantity of filth, which every where lies about the streets, and the number of stagnant ditches which are to be found in it,—so that the garrets are the most eligible apartments to live in, as they are the farthest removed from the foetid vapours, that arise from the polluted ground.—Indeed the streets are pretty straight and tolerably wide,—and the houses handsome enough to look at, on the outside—but then the streets are so dusty in dry weather, and so dirty in wet weather, that you are either choak'd and blinded, or up to your knees in mud*.

The King's palace, is exceedingly
grand,

* Since young W——ly was in Spain, the city of Madrid has been greatly improved—the streets have been paved, the filth removed, and proper regulations made to preserve it from the above inconveniences, so that at present, it is one of the cleanest cities in Europe.

grand, most of the buildings are lofty; but none of the windows are glazed, except they appertain to the houses of considerable persons.

There are in Madrid, twelve parochial, and above an hundred other churches, a great variety of public chapels and oratories, thirty nunneries, forty convents, seventeen hospitals, and ten colleges for the education of youth.

C H A P XII.

Sameness in the Buildings and Manners of the Spaniards.—Furniture rich, not elegant.—Tables badly supplied.—Young W—by very particular in minuting down all that happens to him.—Disadvantages in Spain.—A Billet-doux delivered in the Dark.—Its singular Contents.

THERE is such a sameness in the towns and houses, and such a singularity of manners among the Spaniards in general, that, according to the best writers, those who have seen one town, one house, or one Spaniard, may entertain a tolerable idea of the towns, houses, and people in general.

The houses of the Grandees and other capi-

capital people, are magnificently furnished, particularly with immense quantities of plate, but every thing is rather intrinsically valuable than well executed, superb than elegant,—almost all the common houses, besides being exceedingly inconvenient, are deficient in the most necessary utensils.

As the cultivation of the land is much neglected, thro' the natural indolence of the Spaniards, and as they are careless about, or rather despise commerce, their tables are not over well supplied, either with their own, or the commodities of other countries.—Indeed the poorer sort, tho' naturally very abstemious, have scarce enough to supply, even their temperate desires.

Our Hero, tho' young and volatile,

I 2

yet

yet had an unbounded curiosity, and took care to minutely observe whatever was in his reach,—the preceeding and all subsequent observations on different countries, were extracted from his minutes and memorandums, which he carefully preserved through the course of his life—and was always happy to think, that even in the wildness and profligacy of youth, he had never omitted to note down any thing curious which occurred to him, any thing remarkable which he saw, or any thing singular which befel him.

Indeed, in Spain he laboured under very great disadvantages, as the low station in which he appeared, prevented him from obtaining admittance into the houses of the great, which, had his real rank in life been known, his illustrious birth would undoubtedly have entitled him

him to—but his indefatigable enquiries of the most intelligent people he could meet with, made, in some measure, an atonement for what he could not possibly come personally at the knowledge of.

Madrid was not the place to occasion a decrease of Young W——ly's natural warmth of disposition and amorous temper—the recital of numerous intrigues equally pleasant and surprising, that were continually poured into his ears, kept his mind perpetually awake to the tenderest sensations; while the idea of the agreeable *Jeanot*, made him wish for an intrigue in Madrid, equally delightful and more permanent.

W——ly's master was, on account of some particular business, obliged to remain in Madrid for a few weeks—our

hero had therefore a great opportunity of indulging his curiosity, by almost continually rambling about, as he had nothing else to do but to take care of his mules, and take his pleasures, nor was he very sollicitous concerning the hour at which he returned to his *Posada**, as his *Posadera** was a mighty good natur'd facetious man, and now and then would slip out with his guitar in his hand, and have a night ramble himself—for in Spain, the nocturnal excursions, are productive of many pleasant intrigues—and indeed, as the climate is so exceedingly hot, the night is the most agreeable part of the twenty-four hours.

One evening, as our hero was walking very seriously in the *Prado*†, a decent looking

* *Posada* in Spanish, signifies an Inn, and *Posadera** an Inn-keeper.

† A public place to walk in, like St. James's Park.

ing female as far as he could perceive, for it was almost dark, addressing herself to him by the title of *Cavellero*, put a note into his hand, and desired him to read it as soon as he conveniently could, and to obey the contents.

Tho' he had great reason to suspect that the billet was given him by mistake, he bowed—and promised a punctual observance of whatever directions it should contain; then repairing to a light he perused what follows.———

Unkind Don Juan——

It is above three nights since I saw you—that time seems to me an age—I will no longer conceal the place of my abode from you, but suffer you to *kiss my feet*

*in my apartments**.—Come precisely at ten o'clock to night, next door to the Fontana d'Ora†, in the Alcazar Street, and the person who gave you this, will conduct you to

the impatient

Lucilla.

* This expression may appear odd to the English reader—but none is more familiarly used in Spain.—A gentleman when he addresses a lady, instead of saying *how do you do*, with the English, or *I kiss your hands*, with the French—says *I kiss your feet*,—and when a lady says she will permit her lover to *kiss her feet in her chamber*, it is the most flattering invitation imaginable.

† The golden Fountain, one of the principal inns in Madrid.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

The Opening of an Intrigue.--- An unlucky Omission.--Runs into an Error.--- A gloomy Place, and gloomy Reflections,---His Hopes strangely revers'd---Forms a Resolution to grow mighty Wise.---His Reveries interrupted by a Tap on the Shoulder.

THE impatient *Lucilla* could not possibly be more impatient to see her lover, than W——ly was for the hour of ten, to make, if possible, an advantage of her messenger's mistake.

He deem'd this a fair opening of an intrigue, and his heart was in the utmost palpitation, as he entered in the *Alcazar Street* at the prescribed time.

The

The billet unluckily did not mention, whether the house was on the right or left hand side of the Fontana d'Ora.—W——ly however perceiving a door open on the left hand side, did not in the least doubt but that was the passage thro' which he must steer to the elyzium of his fair and amorous *Lucilla's* apartment.

Without hesitation he entered the house, and without reflecting on the consequences, crept softly up stairs.

He perceived a glimmering light to issue from a door, which was left ajar.

He pushed it open and entered, but for some moments could scarce perceive what was in the apartments, a small wax taper being the only light, it threw so dismal

mal a gloom around, as to cast a damp upon the flame of our hero's sanguine expectations.

After rubbing his eyes for some time, and advancing a step farther into the room,—instead of a beautiful young lady, ready to throw her veil aside and receive him with open arms, as his imagination had painted in the most glowing colours on the canvas of hope; he perceived at the farther end of the apartment, which was entirely hung with black—a coffin, containing a corpse in a winding sheet, decorated with abundance of flowers. On each side—sat a female drest in deep mourning, and covered with a long black veil, under which she frequently wiped the tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief.—These ladies beat their breasts, and sighed frequently, but did not

not utter a syllable*,—Our hero indeed spoke no more than they, for he was dumb with astonishment.

The whole was a strange contrast to what he naturally expected, from the contents of the billet doux,—and a dismal reverse to a person of his amorous disposition, in the midst of his exaltation on the stilts of *flattering fairy hope*.

Young W——ly was exceedingly puzzled to account for so extraordinary a scene, which so little coincided with the nature of the invitation contained in the
billet-

* This custom in Spain of keeping silent upon such occasions, is strictly observed, nor wou'd the mourners who sit by a dead corpse either *sit or speak*, even if they saw a ruffian enter to rob the house.—If a lady goes to condole with another for the loss of her husband, neither the visitor nor visited speak a syllable, but both sit down and weep, sigh and beat their breasts—then the visitor departs without having uttered a word.

billet-doux—and as it is very probable that our readers may be as much puzzled as he was, we will not keep them any longer in suspense, but unriddle the whole affair.

Our hero had mistaken the house, the habitation of Lucilla being on the right hand side of the *Fontana d'Ora*, instead of the left, which he had entered, and which had been the residence of an eminent jeweller, lately deceas'd, whose widow and sister were mourning by his coffin.

Doubtless they were surpriz'd and even alarmed at his appearance, but complying with their custom neither to stir nor speak, our hero was suffered to depart unquestioned, and unmolested for his intrusion.

As

As he left the jeweller's house, he began to blame himself greatly for his avidity, in gratifying his passions at the expence of his prudence, and even safety, and was just about to enter into abundance of wise resolutions, by which he design'd to regulate his future conduct, curb his voluptuous disposition, and repress his inordinate curiosity—but just as he had determined to be vastly philosophic and sage, a female tapped him upon the shoulder.

C H A P. XIV.

A singular Address.—Our Hero's Resolutions vanish.—Conducted into a superb Apartment.—A Beauty introduced.—An Error discovered.—An Apology made.—A right Understanding commenced.—Anecdotes of a Spanish Lady.

THIS was the very person who had given him the billet-doux in the *Prado*.

Cavellera said she—" you have been
 " very dilatory---one shou'd not think
 " that one of your age would be so tardy,
 " when a young lady of a noble family
 " and at once so beautiful and fond
 " is in the case—but follow me---I'll
 " conduct you to her---and if she does
 not

“ not chide you, you ought to chide
 “ yourself.”

At these words, all our hero's new form'd resolutions of being mighty wise, vanished in an instant, so little are we to depend on any of our determinations, formed under the influence of passion.

By the words of his conductress, he easily perceived his previous mistake---and resolved, since fortune had now thought proper to be propitious, to make himself amends for his late chagrin and disappointment.

He was led into a superb apartment, where his conductress left him for a few minutes to fetch the lady.

He past this interval in viewing the richness of the furniture, and elegance of
 the

the tapiftry, till the entrance of the lady presented him with an object more worthy of his admiration——without particularizing her charms, or dwelling upon single beauties--- it is fufficient to fay, that ſhe was *more* than

“ All that painting can exprefs,
 “ Or youthful poets fancy when they
 love.

Young W——ly was ſo aſtoniſhed with the ſplendor of her charms, which like a flood of light overpower'd his ſenſes, that he ſtood motionleſs as a ſtatue, and ſilent as a mute——he totally forgot every ſyllable of a fine compliment which he had taken great pains to form, in order to addreſs her ; nor, had he remembered it, was he able to utter it.

The lady no sooner advanced towards young W——ly, but she perceived the error of her confidant---and starting back greatly alarmed—she said with a tremulous voice—"you have ruin'd me ---this is a stranger." Then sinking into a chair, she appeared to be much terrified.

Our hero having now a little recovered, threw himself at the lady's feet, and entreated her not to discompose herself with needless fears, saying, that he was exceedingly afflicted to find that the accident which made him the happiest of mortals, was to her a cause of uneasiness—that the interview was certainly founded on a mistake, but fortune who was the author of all mistakes, to make amends for the errors she had occasioned,
generally

generally rendered them of a propitious kind.

Our hero was naturally an orator, his action was graceful, and his eloquence became him exceedingly—nor were his talents lost on an inanimate statue—the lady was not compos'd of ice, and the following circumstances of her life will evince, that fortune had not directed young W——ly to an object, on whom his endowments were unlikely to make an impression, or his eloquence to be unavailing.

This lady, as we have already mentioned, might be deem'd a perfect beauty,—the natural warmth of her constitution rendered her pretty amorous—and a disposition easily susceptible of the tenderest impressions, made her a willing victim to the shafts of gallantry.

Her family was noble, but not rich; this made her father, while she was yet very young, readily listen to the overtures of a gentleman, illustrious by descent, and in possession of an ample fortune.

Tho' she felt no particular tenderness for this gentleman, as her heart was not pre-engaged, she made not the least objection to the match.—The union presented her with these two ideas, viz. from the gallantry of the gentleman—a greater degree of sensual felicity than a single life could admit of, and from his large possessions, a full indulgence of all her vanity could sigh for, or her ambition aspire to. Hence we may perceive she was strongly influenced by those two passions, which Mr. Pope says, predominate thro' the whole sex.

Two principles alone, the sex obey,
 The love of pleasure, and the love of
 sway,
 And was at "heart a Rake."

The husband who was a profess'd libertine, and had travelled, was too well acquainted with human nature in general, and the fair sex in particular, not to perceive his young consort's sanguine disposition—as passion had urged him to the match—the warmth of her constitution alarmed him into precaution.

She daily grew fonder and fonder of her husband, and fancied, she entertained the most unbounded affection for him,—but he had too much philosophy not to perceive that her affection originated more from the blood, than the judgment—that it was a kind of voluptuous
 K 3 gratitude,

gratitude, to one who was the principal agent in the indulgence of all her passions, and the pleasing gratification of her sensations,—and not that pure ethereal love which is founded on esteem, and which unites the platonic refinements to the sympathies of nature,

Which sentimentally seraphic glows,
Yet in the stream of soft sensation flows,

This was the passion he wished to find,
—But this sublimity of affection was what his youthful spouse was not qualified to bestow;—She was more ardent than delicate, and as a connubial partner, was formed at once to communicate pleasure, and create distrust.

The gentleman, with the scrupulous nicety of a Spaniard, was alarmed for
his

his honor,---he deemed the warm disposition of unexperienced frailty, but a brittle tenure for its security. Such, and a thousand similar ideas passing thro' his imagination, continually sowered his temper, rendered him suspicious and watchful, while his inward anxiety of mind, destroyed that felicity which had been his only object in the marriage, so little do we know the consequence of possessing what seems most desirable, and what we most eagerly pursue, and so totally ignorant are we, of what would prove conducive to our real happiness.

A profess'd libertine, in the early pursuit of his pleasures, is gross in his appetites, and seeks the sensual gratification of his wishes, with a kind of indelicate voraciousness, or brutality of craving,---but with satiety he grows delicate, and

his libidinous pleasures losing their novelty, and consequently their zest, he becomes nice and difficult;—whenever he seriously settles, he is more particular than a more temperate person,—nothing but the utmost refinement of passion, the greatest delicacy of affection can please him, while a man of moderate disposition, who has lived a regular and chaste life, makes few objections, and even cannot so easily perceive what is gross.—Nothing far short of angelic purity can satisfy the reform'd libertine.

Thus, our gentleman from being particular, became cautious; caution soon degenerated into suspicion, suspicion bred jealousy, and jealousy rendered him completely miserable.

Hence his house became a goal, him-
self

self a wretched Argus, and his lady a disconsolate prisoner.

They lived this miserable life for a few years,—when an affair of the utmost consequence, called the gentleman to Old Castille.

Before he went, he set such a number of spies about his wife, and made it so much the interest of each to betray the others, that he departed with as much composure, as such a mind could possibly be capable of knowing. He did not however live to return to Madrid, as he was murdered and robbed by some ruffians before he reached the end of his journey.*

C H A P.

* Our hero afterwards discovered, that the murdered body he had seen in a ditch near *Berberana*, as mentioned in Chapter VIII, was the identical corpse of this gentleman.—He, however, never heard that the murderers were discovered.

C H A P. XV.

Lucilla entirely Independant.---Determines to live Single, and become a prudent Voluptuary.---Some account of Don Carlos d' Aranda.---Occasion of the Mistake in delivering the Billet-doux.---Easy Fluctuation in the Mind of an amorous Lady.---Second Interview projected.

LUCILLA was now freed from her tyrannical husband, her father had been dead for some time, and she had neither brothers nor cousins to fear, who jealous of the honor of their family, might have been curbs to her pleasures.

Her remembrance of what she had already suffered, joined to her natural love

love of liberty, made her abhor the idea of a second marriage,---her fortune was ample, and her situation independant---she determined therefore to enjoy her pleasures, but not at the expence of her reputation---her resolution was to become a *prudent voluptuary* or *rational libertine*, if propriety will admit the expression --- and criticism give it the stamp of currency.

Having formed, in imagination, this sensual system, she determined to engage in an amour the very first opportunity,---but to proceed with the greatest precaution, and to enjoin the object of her gallantry, the utmost secrecy.—Such a conduct she fancied would at once secure her reputation, and give the intrigue a more pleasing air.

Fraught

Fraught with these maxims, she fixed her eye upon a young Cavalier, whom she had frequently seen, taking the evening air in the *Prado*, his name was *Don Carlos d'Aranda*.—They soon came to a right understanding, saw each other every night, but proceeded with such precaution, that their amour was unknown to any, except her *confidant*, who by mistake, had given her billet to young W——ly.—This woman, from having been formerly retained by her husband, in the capacity of a *duenna*, to prevent her intriguing, was now become her *emissary*, to assist her in carrying on her intrigues.—A thing in Spain not uncommon, for the *spy* to turn *pimp*, and the guardian of a husband's honor, to become the pander of a wife's pleasure.—

Don Carlos at length, had been missing
for

for three days---in fact, he had been accused of being concerned in some treasonable practices, and was privately arrested, by order of government.

Lucilla, not knowing the true reason of his absence, committed her sentiments to writing, to upbraid him for his apparent defection, and recall him to her embraces.

Our hero was much about the size of *Don Carlos*.---*Lucilla's* emissary found him walking in the same place where that Cavalier usually spent an hour or two every evening,---the black cloaks, which both wore over the rest of their garments, prevented her from distinguishing their difference by the other parts of their dress, and the darkness of the evening contributed to the mistake.---The consequent

sequent interview has already been related; proceed we now to the sequel of this adventure.

Lucilla found our hero much younger, and much handsomer than *Don Carlos*---two circumstances highly in his favour, with a lady of her complexion.

The easy flow of his wit, and the ardent volubility of his expressions, pleased her exceedingly, and she could not help preferring his vehemence of address, to the cold formal gallantry of her Spanish lover.

She did not, however, think proper to give him too much encouragement the first time of meeting, but desired him to withdraw, alledging, that the surprize she had received by his first appearance,
had

had greatly disordered her, yet with such a languishing tone, and captivating glance was her mandate delivered, that it seemed to entreat him to come again.

The emissary, who perfectly well understood her mistress's meaning, whispered in his ear as he went out at the door, to be on the watch in the street, the ensuing evening, at the same hour; he promised obedience, bowed, and departed.

C H A P. XVI.

W———ly's Hilarity.---A Spanish Custom
 ---Our Hero unlike the Knights Errand
 of old.---Goes according to the Appoint-
 ment.---Is introduced to the Lady.---Love
 Protestations have no Meaning.---Taken
 at his Word.---Engages to comply with a
 cruel and absurd Custom.

OUR hero was in such high spirits
 with his success, that he scarce felt
 the ground beneath his feet, but ran, or
 rather flew home to his *Posado*, with
 wonderful celerity.

Tho' it was late, he found the *Posa-*
dera up, and just going to supper, for he
 was

was in the action of touching the loaf*.

His mind, it is true, was full of love and admiration---but the finer passions had not destroyed his appetite,---he therefore eat very heartily of a dish---composed of pilchards, chick-peas, and garlick, fryed together in oil, then retiring to rest, he slept as soundly, as if he had never met with an adventure: unlike the Knights-Errant of old, who when they fell in love, could not help watching and fasting, till they became mere spectres.

The next evening, young W-----ly was punctual to his time---the *Duenna*
 Vol. I. L . soon

* It is a custom among the lower sort of people in Spain, to touch the loaf with their right hand, as they cross themselves in saying grace. They touch the bread for want of holy water, which is scarce among the vulgar.

soon appeared, and introduced him to *Lucilla*—who condescended to receive him graciously, and, like the queen of love on her Cyprian throne, suffered him to pour the incense of adulation on his knees, with wonderful complacency.

As the rhapsodies of lovers are exaltedly pleasing to the parties concerned, but extremely insipid to every body else, we shall omit our hero's conversation with the lovely *Lucilla*, and proceed to the mutual stipulation, with which it finally closed.

It was agreed that young W——ly, before the lady could admit him as a gallant with propriety, ought to give some incontestible proof of the violence of his affection to her.

This

This he readily promised to do, protesting that there was no torment he would not undergo, no torture he would decline bearing, nor any death but what he would willingly suffer, to serve the object of his affection, or gratify her wishes.

Tho' this language is the common cant of lovers, and they utter it with vehemence, and under the sanction of innumerable protestations---yet nothing is farther from their intention, than to do as they say---or from their will, than to suffer, as they pretend they readily would do.——They fancy as they are words of course, that they may be forgotten at pleasure. Hence the antients used to say, that the Gods themselves laughed at the perjuries of lovers.

But *Lucilla* took our hero at his word, in a more literal manner than he either expected, or desired; for she declared that she would never admit him to her presence again, unless he appeared the next day, in the character of a *Disciplinarian*, and scourge himself before her window, to evince his affection.

As he knew it was the season of the year when the ladies expect such sanguine proofs of gallantry, and as he was sensible that he could not refuse without nipping the amour in the bud, he promised to comply with a good grace.

To make the above request of the lady more intelligible, it is proper to observe, that during Passion-week, particularly from Wednesday to Friday, it is a custom in Spain, for the men to lash themselves

themselves heartily about the streets, but more particularly before their mistresses windows.

For this purpose, their faces are hid, and their bodies covered with a garment, which leaves their shoulders, back, and sides bare. They are provided with whips, whose lashes are composed either of whip-cord, wire, or thongs of leather,—with these they lash themselves unmercifully, the blood follows every stroke, and they sometimes mangle their bodies in such a manner, as to become self murderers.

This cruel custom is even formed into a system,—and masters, called *Disciplinarian Preceptors*, are employed to teach the novices, in what manner to whip themselves with most effect. These masters

are held in greater esteem, than either dancing or fencing masters, and make a great parade in the manner of teaching this barbarous exercise.

Some few perform this office of flagellation, on the score of devotion—many on the affectation of it—but most *Disciplinarians* place their lashes to the account of gallantry—when according to the rigor of what they inflict upon themselves—their piety, or the fervor of their affection for their mistresses, is estimated.

CHAP.

C H A P XVII.

W———ly's Reflections.—An ingenious Contrivance, to avoid a severe Flagellation.—Gains the Approbation of his Mistress by Deception, and retires happy in the Success of his Contrivance.

WHEN our hero returned home, he entertained some qualms in his mind, relative to this enjoined flagellation, he could not help thinking it a very foolish custom, nor could he conceive how a lover's cutting his flesh to pieces, could be of any use to his mistress.

Upon the whole, he found, tho' he loved *Lucilla* much, he loved himself more—and discovered, that a lover may

say a great deal, and mean little—promise much, and design to perform nothing.

His determination was therefore, neither to hurt himself, nor lose his mistress; he had an abhorrence for the one, and a contrivance for the other.

Instead of suppling himself with one of the usual whips, he substituted in its place, a whip to all outward appearance similar, but in effect, totally different.

The handle was like the common ones, but in lieu of three leather thongs, he had fastened three small eel-skins, filled with blood, to the end of it.

Thus provided, he repaired the next day to the Alcazar Street, and having
just

just before he approached *Lucilla's* window, pricked the skins in several places, he began to lash himself to all appearance, in a most unmerciful manner.

The blood plentifully issued from the apertures in the eel-skins---his shoulders, back, and sides were dreadfully crimsoned over, and appeared in a condition so ghastfully sanguine, that even *Lucilla*, used as she had been to such a custom, and cruelly vain of such a token of respect, thought he had suffered too much, and given a proof sufficiently bloody, of a fervent affection.

She beckoned to him to cease lashing himself, and appeared perfectly well satisfied with his excessive gallantry.

He bowed and retired, walking away
as

as if almost fainting with the loss of blood, but laughing in his sleeve at the success of his stratagem,—pleasing himself with the idea of the reward he was to receive for his ingenuity.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

Again introduced to the Lady.—Rewarded for the supposed bloody Proof of his Affection.—Treachery of the Duenna.—Horrid Resolution of Don Carlos.—Consonant to the Custom of his Country.

THE ensuing evening, our hero repaired to the usual place, the duenna met him as before, and introduced him to the lady, into whose presence he came, in full expectation of a reward for his ingenious deception—and indeed it must be admitted, that he was much more deserving of it, than if he had really lashed himself as she fancied he had, in compliance with a custom, at once so cruel and absurd.

As

As for the lady—she was satisfied with the discipline as she imagined he had given himself—this consideration, joined to the natural warmth of her disposition, and a kind of prepossession in favour of young W——ly, was sufficient to make her recede from any more punctilio's,—she thought he had sacrificed enough at the shrine of decorum,—and therefore as a just saint, to whom as a votary, he had appeared assiduously fervent, she determined to reward the ardency of his vows.

In fine, our hero was as happy, as *pleasures merely sensual* could make him.

But as the lovers became mutually pleased, the duenna grew displeased. In the course of her mistress's amour with Don Carlos, she had received many valuable

able douceurs—but this was not the case with our hero—he had nothing worth her acceptance to give—nor indeed, did he entertain the idea that such presents were necessary.

As for *Don Carlos*, by the means of friends, and evincing his innocence, he soon obtained his liberty.

The duenna no sooner understood this, than she made him acquainted, that a happy rival had, during his confinement, supplanted him in the affections of his mistress,—tho' this rival, she cunningly added, was far his inferior, not only in family and fortune, but in personal and mental accomplishments.

This information was sufficient to rouse the indignation of *Don Carlos*, who
was

was a true Spaniard, as far as a possession of all the local follies of Spain could go. He thought his honor concerned—he felt his heart touched, and his pride exceedingly hurt.—He therefore swore by the blood of an *old Christian, to have revenge.

We have already mentioned, that when the Spaniards fancy themselves grossly affronted, they do not seek what in other parts of Europe is called *an honourable revenge*, but without remorse, have recourse to assassination.—This was the thought that occurred to *Don Carlos*, and our hero was very near falling a victim to his vindictive temper, and the barbarous custom his country.

CHAP.

* The Spaniards in general, are exceedingly proud of arrogating to themselves this appellation—by which they insinuate, that they are descended from an ancient christian family of Old Castille—the blood of which hath not been contaminated by any intermarriage, or intermixture with Moors or Jews.

C H A P. XIX.

Don Carlos employs a Bravo.—Our Hero wounded, but not mortally.—The Russian frightened away.—W——ly taken into the English Ambassador's house.—Sent to England.—His Reception by his Friends.

DON Carlos, deeming the office of assassin too mean for himself, employed a Bravo, (that is one who lets himself out for hire, to execute the honourable office of murderer) to dispatch his rival.

However, on the evening in which the fatal deed was to be perpetrated,—young W——ly's fortunate star happened to predominate; the Bravo, who
way-

way-laid him coming from *Lucilla's*, intended to stab him in the heart with a dagger, but our hero, luckily giving a sudden start, he only slightly wounded him in the shoulder.

Chagrined not to have succeeded, he prepared to repeat his blow, which W---ly, apprized of his design, attempted to ward off, by twisting his cloak round his arm, a thing usual in Spain, when a rencounter happens; the stroke did not succeed according to the Ruffian's wish; but however, our hero was desperately wounded in the right side. He fell, and the villain would have dispatched him, had it not been for the sound of some **Cerveerro* bells, which terrified him away, lest he should

* The bells, which the mules in Spain wear as pack-horses do in England—or at least, as they did before the roads were made so good, and the carriages so much more commodious as at present

should be taken by the muleteers, who must of consequence attend them.

The ruffian happily left our hero, but the mules turned down another street, and he remained for some time weltring in his blood, till his cries were overheard in a house near where he lay.

He was soon brought in by the servants, and taken proper care of that night.

This timely benevolence happened to be extended to him by the domestics of the *English Ambassador*, near whose hotel he was attacked.

The next day when he was attended by the surgeon who had dressed his wounds over night, of which, from the loss of blood, he was then insensible, he soon perceived that he was an Englishman.

This rejoiced him exceedingly, his misfortune had lessened his avidity for Spanish intrigues, and the loss of his blood, had cured him very expeditiously of his passion for *Lucilla*,—he, therefore without scruple, informed the surgeon who he was, and of every thing which had befallen him, since his last elopement from school.

This information was speedily communicated to the ambassador, who no sooner understood his rank and indiscretion, than he resolved to send him to his friends with all convenient expedition.

His youth, and the skill of the surgeon who attended him, soon re-established his health, and the disrelish which he now began to entertain for Spain, made him fall into the ambassador's proposal of sending

fending him to England with great pleasure.

He accordingly embarked for his native country, and after a pleasant voyage, arrived there in very good health and spirits.

Upon the ambassador's serious representation by letter, his noble relations received him with caresses, instead of chidings—and, without upbraiding him as he expected, treated him in such a manner, as to make him forget that he had ever committed an indiscretion.

It was concluded, that he should no more go to Westminster school, or any other public seminary of learning, but regain what he had lost, and complete the remainder of his education at home, un-

der the inspection of some gentlemen,
eminent in every branch of useful and
polite literature, who were employed as
private preceptors for that purpose.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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